

sable collar, and satin hood — a garb long out of style; but neither she nor the students cared about fashion. Dinner was served from one to five p.m., and she ate leisurely, meanwhile watching the students' faces, listening to their talk, and trying to judge of their characters. After a while she wrote on slips of paper her name and the address of the hotel where she and her sister were staying, and the next day at dinner time she distributed the slips to the students who had made the most favorable impression upon her, saying, "Come to see me, and let us talk things over."

Five students came the same evening. They were frank, sympathetic young men, students not only of books but of life. She came to the point at once. "Why are you doing nothing," she said, "when the great mass of the people in Russia are starving, with the yoke on their necks and the wolf at the door? Why are you idlers? Why do you use the academic to screen your eyes from the real?"

All gave the same answer: "We are idlers; but what is to be done? How can we make things better?" Some of them were acquainted with revolutionists; but they were not sure whether they wanted to become revolutionists themselves or not.

No immediate answer could be given to their question, "What is to be done?" But they began to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the revolutionists, and introduced Catherine to them.

Soon she was summoned home. Then she and her husband and their little circle of Liberals made a vigorous effort to secure better treatment for the peasants through political action.

She says: "It is a poor patriot that will not thor-